

P. M. S.  
An Elegiac POEM

I N

Memory of that truly worthy and Loyal Gentleman

William Whitmore

Esquire.

Late of *Balmes* in the County of *Middlesex*;

*who being wounded by the Casual Discharge of his own Pistol departed this life July the 31th 1684.*

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS

**V**Vhen the loud Trump of Fame the News had spread  
The Young, the Brave, the Generous *Whitmor's* dead,  
One general groan tun'd every gentle Breast  
And flowing Tears from e'ry Eye-lid prest.  
The *Hero* that in chase of Fame had trod  
The slaughter'd Field, and Forded Streams of Blood  
Flusht in the Arts of Death; yet wept to see  
A *Brother* fall without a Victory.  
*Apollo's* Sons forsook their Withering *Bayes*,  
Laid by their Books, forgot their tuneful *Lays*,  
And Dumb with stupid grief, could only sigh  
*Mecenas* their lov'd Patrons *Elegy*.  
But must he then have none? If learned Verse  
Be suffer'd only to attend his Hearse,  
Raptures and Figures of the first degree  
Strain'd to the highest Notes of Extasie.  
Such as of old the *Mantuan* Bard inspir'd,  
Or *Athens* in her Pride of Power admir'd  
I must be silent; yet i've heard it said,  
The meanest duties which to Heaven are paid  
Are kindly taken, if devoutly made.

What

What if I then, can't bring as others do:  
 With what I have, his Funeral Hearse I'll strew,  
 And to the Dust his dear remains Pursue:  
 Sad thought, and must he thither go? Ah Death!  
 Can nothing bribe thee to recal his Breath?  
 If hoards of Virtue sav'd in earliest Youth  
 Exalted Wit, Wealth, Loyalty or Truth  
 Are worth thy value, give us back this one  
 Of all the numerous Subjects of thy Throne.  
 From his own gather'd stock he'll pay thee more,  
 Ten thousand times then what thou'lt get before  
 A few dead bones alas are all thy store.  
 And where's the Booty, where's thy Treasure then?  
 Where thy Proud Conquests o're the Sons of Men?  
 Vain death, and yet inexorable too!  
 They happiest are, that in a Camp pursue  
 Thy charged Bolts, and snatch a Fate from you!  
 Thus would, thus wisht, our Hero to have fell  
 In a fair Field from Honours Pinnacle,  
 Amidst the ranks of Ranged Warriors crown'd,  
 With Verdant Bayes, in Rolls of Fame renown'd,  
 Whilst Drums, and Echoing Trumpets through the Skies,  
 In doleful Dirges sang his Obsequies.  
 But spiteful Death this you deny'd him too,  
 And basely stole his Life ere 'twas thy due:  
 His Blooming years scarce past, and yet to come  
 Ages of Honour ere he reach'd a Tomb.  
 Fate promis'd him. But Murderer as thou art  
 Whilst in Pursuit of these, thy Coward Dart  
 Unseen, and unexpected reach'd his heart.  
 Malicious Fate! yet done his past redress  
 Thy Shaftes are sent, his Glory near the less,  
 Beyond the grave thy Power can ne're extend,  
 Thy Triumphs there, meet their Appointed end.  
 Whilst Mounted through the Spheres on Angels Wings,  
 He's made a Counter of the King of Kings,  
 And 'mongst his Peers the Songs of Glory sings  
 We only have the loss, that yet survive  
 We only mourn, who yet are doom'd to live.  
 Lives Burthen none on Earth would eas'ly bear  
 The Whips of fortune, and the goads of Care,  
 Th' Oppressors Wrongs, the Laws delay, the Taunts  
 Of Great men, or the Poor mans starving wants.  
 Could they like him Disburthen'd of the Toyl,  
 Be made Possessors of an Heavenly Soy,  
 Where in Immortal Joys with God above,  
 He tastes the Banquets of Immortal love.

by F. N. W.

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